

# The Weekly Museum.

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## THE HEIR OF THE HOUSE OF OLDFIELD. A MORAL TALE

[Continued.]

SINISTER being retired to his chamber, the housekeeper soon began to administer her consolation. She represented the cruelty to himself in smothering any secret that oppressed him, and mildly reproached his want of confidence in her so long experienced affection. There was nothing, not even her life, that she would hesitate to sacrifice for the dear object to whom she had already forfeited what was to a woman of her honor and breeding so much more precious than life itself. What would become of her, what would become of his sweet babes, if he gave way to such causeless but ruinous regrets! If he died, Heaven knew, they must all go to the work-house; for, to be sure, his fine son would soon turn them out of doors, and perhaps not long have a house over his own head! With this kind of language, to which he but little attended, she contrived to keep her tongue in motion for some hours; and he who was all the time pondering on the means by which he should effectually get rid of the last heir of the house of Oldfield, began to ask what she thought of Monsieur. Conscience hastily interpreting this question; she tartly replied, that he was an ugly wretch, and that she could never abide him. "I do not mean, (says Sinister) to ask your opinion of his beauty: But do you think his fidelity can be depended on! Can he keep a secret?"—"O, yes! (replied she, glad to find there was no jealousy): I have tried him many and many's the time; and you would be really astonished, if I were to tell you how well he can keep a secret! No, hang him! though he is certainly not handsome, to give the man his due, I must say, he is as fit to be trusted with secrets as any fellow I ever knew, and I have known many in my time."—"Not so fast; not so fast! (interrupted Sinister) I have been thinking of a plan. If this boy could be privately secured, and sent somewhere abroad, so that I might never see him again, cost what it would, I should be happy enough."—"Give yourself no more trouble about it, (said she) you may reckon the thing done, and sleep in peace."

She told Monsieur, in the morning, what had passed between her and her master; and he consented, though with some reluctance, to undertake the task. Accordingly, he spent the whole of that day, in making minute enquiries after the youth. He even traced him to the little alehouse, where he had been and refreshed; but the landlord and his wife protested they had seen nothing of him for several days, and they were anxious to know what could be become of him. They declared he was the gentlest and best creature in the world; and they never loved so well a child of their own, for they believed he was an angel. Monsieur now told them, that if he came again, he begged they would send him word; and, if they would promise to keep the secret, he would tell them the truth. The boy, he said, was his own

son; and had run away from his mother, in France, who was breaking her heart at his absence. All he wanted was, to secure the young rogue, and send him back to his mother, till his own father died; when he should return to his dear wife, and live like a gentleman, on his own family estate. The good souls, who believed every syllable Monsieur said, promised to do as he had told them; and they would have religiously kept their word, had Harry unfortunately furnished them with any opportunity. But Providence was pleased to dispose of him in a different way.

He was, one morning, descending from a tree in which he had all night reposed, when he was perceived by an old man, sitting on the ground at a little distance, who was binding together a few sticks, to form a small faggot. There was something wonderfully benign and attractive in the countenance of the old man: Whose silver beard swept his bosom; and whose head, though rendered bald by age, still retained a few scattered locks of snowy hair. His whole form was manly; and his dress, though coarse, clean and neat in the extreme. He was a man of whom no stranger could hesitate to say, that he had seen more prosperous days. Harry, though naturally diffident and distant, was attracted, as it were involuntarily towards the old man; who while the youth approached, looking steadfastly in his face, with a union of surprise, of doubt, and of transport, no sooner saw features once so familiar to his eye, than he rose on one knee, and exclaimed—"Gracious Heaven, I am not deceived; this is surely my dear young master! it must, it must be, Harry Oldfield!"

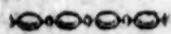
Harry acknowledged that his name was Oldfield; and a few minutes acquaintance endeared them to each other. The good old man had in his youth been valet to Harry's grandfather. He afterwards rented for many years, a respectable farm, on the Oldfield estate, from which he was cruelly ejected by Sinister, who had laid six farms into one, and thus driven so many families into distress and obscurity.

When the poor man understood the situation of Harry, from his simple narrative, his aged eyes rained a shower of tears; and he sobbed as if his heart were breaking. "O, my young master, (said he) live with me: I have a small cottage which I can call my own; and I have a rood or two of ground, which I cultivate. In my best days, I took little heed for the future: I had much sickness in my family; I had many losses; and I endeavored to do some good, for who is there that has never done some evil? Yet, on being turned out of my farm, with the produce of my stock I purchased a spot of ground, and built my little hut; the remainder bought about seven hundred pounds in the funds, which brings me twenty guineas a year; and with this I and my little girl contrive to live comfortably enough." To this generous offer, Harry could only reply, that he believed Heaven had brought them together; and if it pleased the same gracious Power, he could wish nothing might ever divide them.

Harry lived for some weeks in this retreat; and, by the advice of the old man, they seldom approached Sinister's grounds. He knew the malice and implacability of the wretch, by sad experience; and he dreaded the lengths to which the villain might proceed against the heir of Oldfield estate. They had, however been seen together; and, one evening, just after they had retired to rest, three men in soldiers cloaths came to the door, and demanded admittance. The old man told them, from a small window, that his family were in bed; that he knew nothing of them; and that they could clearly have no business there. One of them replied, that they belonged to a recruiting-party; and that, having come from Hereford, after a deserter, whom he harboured, they were resolved not to go away without him. The young man, they swore, was about five and twenty: He was one of the finest fellows in their regiment, being full six feet without his shoes; much scarred with the small pox; and had red hair: he was, therefore remarkable enough, and they were not to be deceived in the person, though they well knew he went by different names. Harry, the old man, and his daughter, having slipped on their cloaths, and agreeing there would be no harm in permitting the soldiers to search for the person they described, the door was unsuspectingly opened by Harry, whom two of the soldiers immediately dragged away, crying out—"This is him; this is him, safe enough! I thought we should be too cunning for the old fox, and the young cub too!" The old man, in a state of distraction, rushed out of the house, and pursued after them; but it was with difficulty he could discover even the road they had taken. That discovery however inspired him with hope; for he was across the fields, of which they were clearly ignorant, and was thus enabled to get into the public road, and procure assistance from two or three farm-houses, full a quarter of an hour before they reached the end of the lane. Ten stout men with guns and pitchforks, therefore, lay in ambush for their arrival; and suddenly bursting out surrounded and disarmed the three villains, and safely delivered Harry into the arms of his old friend. The fellows being thus taken and secured, soon came to a confession: from which it appeared that Sinister's French valet had employed and instructed them; and that they received twenty pounds a piece for undertaking the business, and where to have these sums made up by five hundred whenever it should be completed. They owned they were smugglers, and not soldiers; and the design was first to carry him into Wales, and from thence to transport him to the continent, where he was to be left without a shilling in his pocket, and consequently there would have been no great chance of his ever getting back again. The old man went next day to Hereford, with the three soldiers, and Harry Oldfield; and obtained from the magistrates, a warrant for the apprehension of Sinister, as well as his valet. But Monsieur had just taken leave of Oldfield Hall; and his master had, a few hours before, set out to appear before the bar of

a still more tremendous tribunal! It appeared that, for some days, either in spite or in consequence of his skilful housekeeper's infallible plausiter, a gangrene had evidently taken place; and, while she and Monsieur were gone to instruct the ruffians, old Sinister, beginning to suspect the truth, called his servants together, and taking his will, which contained a legacy to the housekeeper and her children, of ten thousand pounds, immediately thrust it in the fire; declaring that the law would dispose of his property exactly as he wished, by giving every shilling to his son. Notwithstanding the injunctions of secrecy, this intelligence reached the ears of the copartners in iniquity, within half an hour after their return; and they accordingly took care, in the course of the night, to make ample preparation for the event. Long before daylight, every thing of value, that was easy to be concealed, found its way to a distant secret depository; and old Sinister, whose dreadful groans for a great part of the night kept most of the family awake, was in the morning discovered to have breathed his last. It was the intention of Monsieur, and his tender housekeeper, to carry their depredations still farther; but, in consequence of a letter, which at noon arrived from young Sinister, mentioning that he had just landed in England, and would be at Oldfield Hall the next day, they judged it most expedient for Monsieur immediately to decamp into Wales; whither she was to follow him, the moment she could prevail on young Sinister to make her the handsome legal settlement, she entertained no doubt of obtaining from his generous and unsuspecting disposition.

[To be concluded in our next.]



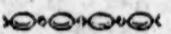
#### COWARDICE OF A BLASPHEMER.

"They who even dare blaspheme their God, will, notwithstanding start at the motion of a feather."

M R. W— was returning home one night, about eleven, from a public house. He had not advanced far before a flash of lightning burst from a cloud, and illuminated the whole hemisphere. This, he owned, discomposed him greatly. However, he collected his courage, and marched forward. But this circumstance, together with the hideous caterwauling of some cats in the adjoining field, set his imagination to work in such a manner, that he could not help thinking he saw something before him, on the left-hand side of the road, resembling a monkey, and fearfully black, the moon shining faintly through thin clouds, which covered the sky. This appearance caused our hero to pause a little on his journey, and "wish he was in bed with his wife." But pass it he must to his house, or turn back again, and go by another way two miles about. After a little deliberation, he grasps his crab-stick, keeps close to the right-hand hedge, and advances slowly not without some palpitation of heart, and a cold sweat, expecting every moment to be seized. At last he got safely past the terrifying object, and proceeded; but was persuaded he heard the treading of some animal behind him, and sometimes close at his heels. His attention was soon diverted from this noise by the appearance of a whitish thing lying on the ground, in the middle of a narrow path in the lane. This caused him to abate his pace once more, and to mutter out, "By Heaven, I believe all the devils of hell are broke loose to-night.—I should not however swear; and heartily wish I had gone to church last Sunday with my wife, as I promised her when I was so cruelly gripped by a dose of physic from that cursed quack T—r." He was now in a greater

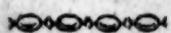
dilemma than before; and would certainly have returned but for the black monkey behind him. However, upon recollecting that he could say some part of the Lord's prayer, he resolved to advance. As he approached nearer and nearer the object, he plainly perceived it to breathe, and thought he heard it groan; and upon seeing it move, confesses he trembled in every part. At the same time he thought he felt himself cold, he perspired very plentifully, and endeavored to repeat the Lord's prayer. At last he escaped this monster also in safety. But, terrible to relate! he had scarce made six hasty steps, before an ass, which stood under the hedge, began a most hideous bray just at his elbow. This (which would have terrified a stouter man than Mr. W—) so entirely dissipated all remains of courage, that he called aloud, "Lord have mercy upon me," and fell flat upon the ground. The long-eared animal soon made an end of his song, and Mr. W— began to consider that this noise certainly proceeded from an ass, and that the devil would never so far degrade himself as to assume that character. With these thoughts he once more got upon his legs, and feebly pursued his way. He was not now above three hundred yards from his own house; but in that small distance saw seven apparitions, one of which was like a tall corpse dressed in a shroud. This was also seen the following night by a neighbor; which confirmed Mr. W. in his opinion, that there was no *DECEPTIO VISUS* with regard to what he himself had seen.—But on the following night it was discovered to be nothing more than the moon shining through between the corners of two houses upon his own barn wall.

Mr. W. reached his house a little after twelve; but his spirits were so exhausted, and he was so discomposed, restless, and fearful, that Mrs. W. scarce got him to sleep with a full pint of rumbo. Thus was this brave man, who, by day, hath courage enough to affront even Heaven, and can by his blustering frighten half the parish, dismanned and terrified by the stump of an old tree, a poor famished sheep struggling for life, and the moonshine upon a wall; for these were in reality his devils and apparitions. I mention not the braying of the ass, because that indeed was something terrible, and might unexpectedly and in the night too, have struck any person with fear.



#### THE HUMOURISTS.

A Well-known person, of an odd turn of humour, riding on horseback, some time ago near Bath, happened to meet another equal to himself in a lane so narrow that neither could pass without one gave way, which neither would do. Both made a halt, and not a single word was spoken, till the first mentioned person very deliberately pulled a news paper out of his pocket, and began to read to himself, with the utmost composure, when the other, determined to prove an equal degree of patience and obstinacy, leisurely took a pinch of snuff, and very gravely accosted him, "Sir, when you have done with that paper, I should be glad to look at it," which so pleased the humourist, that he immediately pulled off his spectacles, and seized him by the hand, declaring at the same time, that, "he should go home and dine with him."



#### EPIGRAM.

A T church I heard the parson say—  
"No man must work on Sabbath-day;"  
But, O good Heav'n, how he did work,  
When he got home—with knife and fork!

#### THE BRITISH SOLDIER'S REFLECTION ON THE CONTINENT.

##### A PARODY ON "THE WATERMAN."

I Was, d'ye see, a Briton born,  
As blythe and bold as any,  
Till from my happy cottage torn,  
I liv'd as blest as many,  
To courtly pride I never knelt,  
Nor fell beneath their frown,  
In rustic soil I daily dwelt  
And call'd an honest clown,  
With peaceful cheer unknown to fear,  
I pass'd a jocund life;  
And in this undisturb'd retreat  
Kind Heaven had made my bliss complete,  
In a faithful, loving wife.

I roll'd awhile in joys like these,  
No lordly power oppress'd me,  
Nor ever thought to cross the seas,  
Till villains came and press'd me,  
Decoy'd to serve the king I lov'd,  
(Yet never knew for what!)  
I left my plough, my milking cow,  
"To join in foreign" strife!  
The dismal sentence pierc'd my heart,  
To think that I must go and part  
From my friends and loving wife.

When on the Gallic coast I came,  
And heard the bullets rattle,  
Saw ranks on ranks of heroes slain,  
And slaughter make the battle;  
Thus all the fight which Freedom's champion  
show'd us,

I brav'd amain—in hopes again  
That peace would soon recal us—  
In fields of blood I dauntless stood,  
And still maintain'd the strife;  
In hopes these perils to relate,  
As by my side attentive fate  
My neighbours and my wife.

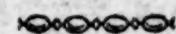
But O, alas! my hopes are past  
Of peace my joys restoring;  
For now the trumpet sounds the blast,  
And, hark! the cannons roaring;  
Yet ah! how vain is all our might,  
There foes can never yield:  
For REASON is their army bright,  
And FREEDOM is their shield,  
To honour's bed once more we're led,  
To join the fatal strife,  
So now adieu to Britain's shore  
I fear I ne'er shall see you more,  
Nor you my faithful wife.



#### TRANSLATION OF THE FRENCH EPIGRAMS IN OUR LAST.

D AMON loves but himself; in this no harm I  
see!  
How could he better chuse, from rivals to be  
free?

O N paths of chrystral, Winter tempts their  
feet,  
Where dreadful lurks the dark abyss below:  
'Tis thus with Pleasure! Lur'd to her retreat,  
Glide swiftly, Youths, nor sink to endless woe.



#### For the WEEKLY MUSEUM. EXTEMPORE

##### On seeing Miss H—

A S now I view ELIZA's face,  
And modest pleasing air,  
I think that she has every grace  
Which dignifies the fair.

W.

NEW-YORK, FEBRUARY 21.

BETWEEN the hours of 9 and 10 o'clock, on Thursday evening last, a double framed house, in Robinson-street, near the college, took fire, and was wholly consumed. By the timely exertions of the fire-men and citizens, aided by the calmness of the night prevented its spreading to adjoining buildings. It is with regret we add, that a woman something advanced in years, a Mrs. Robinson, who resided in the house, was unable to make her escape, and unfortunately perished in the flames.

The United States have lately concluded a Treaty with the Oneida, Tuscarora and Stockbridge Indians, residing on the Oneida country—The United States engage to pay the said Indians 5000 dollars for their losses in the late war—to build them a complete grist and saw mill, and hire faithful men to attend said mills for three years, and instruct some of their young men in the arts of miller and Sawyer—to provide teams for carrying on the works of said mills—and to pay 1000 dollars to be applied to rebuild the church burnt in the late war. The Indians on their part relinquish all claims for losses and services in the late war, except on the unsatisfied claims of those who bore commissions in the said war.

THANKSGIVING OF THE UNITED STATES.  
Ye happy millions! bend the grateful knee  
To him who reigns above, and rules the free!

PRAYER and PRAISE lift the soul to GOD, assimilate the mind, and make it great and happy. The idea of the whole nation being assembled at the same time, to adore our Divine Benefactor, for his innumerable blessings to our country, mingles the most pleasing thoughts with devotion! Every state, every person, every interest, is included in our prayers and praises: We feel like one people, while offering up our united praises to the Parent of the Universe.—This Union in devotion increases affection for each other, and expands our bosoms to embrace all as brethren. As men, and as Christians, it is good for us thus to do. We hope it may be annually repeated, until time is no more—thus begin the work in time which may employ us to eternity!

"When we to Heav'n's celestial temple come,  
Petition there shall cease, and prayer be dumb;  
But Praise, in accents more sublime and strong,  
Shall then commence her everlasting song."

AN AMERICAN.  
[Gaz. U. S.]

RE-IMPRISONMENT OF LA FAYETTE.  
Extract of a letter, dated Hague, December 14,

1794.

"You will probably hear in America, before you receive this, of the escape of La Fayette, from confinement; but the pleasing delusion will be of short continuance, as it was with us, when you read, perhaps in the next paragraph, that he was re-taken upon the confines of Germany, and re-conducted to his dungeon."

Extract of a letter from Joseph Fenwick, Esq. the American Consul at Bourdeaux, dated Paris, the 15th Nov. to Joshua Johnson, Esq. American Consul at London.

"It has just been decided in the council of the government, that American vessels shall go free, with all free goods; and orders are given not to interrupt or turn aside any, even grain loaded; also orders are given to adjust all claims on the Republic for the embargoes at Bourdeaux, and all expences and demurrage for vessels stopt or brought in, contrary to the Laws of Nations. (Signed) JOSHUA JOHNSON."

From Aux-Cays, January 6.

"General Rigaud has returned from Cape Ti beron, which place he has lately taken from the English, and put the garrison to the sword."

Motions have lately been made in both Houses of Parliament to address his majesty in favour of negotiating a PEACE with FRANCE—12 only of the house of Lords were in favour of the address, and 75 in the house of Commons.—Lord Guilford made the motion in the upper, and Mr. Wilberforce, in the lower house.

LONDON, January 2.

Some of the letters brought by the Dutch mails which arrived yesterday, state, that the French have actually got possession of Fort St. Andre and the Bommel Waert. At Amsterdam the consternation is extreme. The deputies nominated by the States have left the Hague, but little success is expected from their mission. On the Upper Rhine, the severity of the season has arrested all military operations. The Dutch papers say, that on the 15th instant, a determination to pursue a winter campaign was announced in the Convention, and that Carrier, with two others of the Revolutionary Committee of Nantz, were convicted on the 16th, and executed on the following day.

The Leyden Gazette confirms the report that Carrier, Penard, and Grandmaison were sentenced on the 16th, and executed on the 17th ult.

Jan. 3.—Every hope of peace, if we may credit accounts from the continent, which were said to have been received late on Thursday night, is now vanished. Private advices are said to have been sent from Utrecht, dated the 27th ult. which state, with much confidence, that the French, availing themselves of the uncommon rigour of the season, have recommenced hostilities, and on Christmas day crossed the Maese, which was frozen over, at Bommel, and entirely possessed themselves of that country. The next day it is also said, 18 or 20,000 of them passed the Waal near Bommel. In what numbers they have crossed that river in other places, is not known; but it is said to be certain that they have passed it in other places. The regiment of Hohenloe, and the regiment of grenadiers of Bentick, both in Dutch pay, are made prisoners. Some other regiments of the allies laid down their arms. The consternation which this has occasioned in Holland, is not to be described, as, should the frost continue, there is no impediment to their marching to Amsterdam.

### S H I P N E W S.

Arrivals since our last.

Ship Grand Turk, Molesley,	N. Port
Lord Middleton, Reid,	Malaga
Minerva, Armour,	Havre-de-Marat
Brig Pattern, Blackington,	Bordeaux
Schr. Lucy Ann, Stevenson,	Jereme
Fame, Hassao,	Richmond
Hope, Church,	Demerara
Sloop Lydia, Porter, Gaudaloupe & St. Eustatia	
Friendship, China,	Martinico
Eliza, Hill,	New-Providence

Tuesday arrived here, the schooner Lucy Ann, Captain Stevenson, in 31 days from Jeremie, who informs, that previous to his departure, the inhabitants were under great alarm for the safety of the place, on account of a body of brigands, said to be between 8 and 10,000 advancing towards the fortress of —, and it was feared that it would be carried by storm.

He left there the schooner Eagle, Captain Brown, to sail for New-York, in a few days.

### Court of Hymen.

#### M A R R I E D

By the Rev. Dr. O'Brian, Pastor of St. Peter's Church, Joze Roiz Silva, Esq. merchant, to the amiable Mrs. Anna Dumont, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Linn, Mr. John Elsworth, to Miss Sally Hinton, both of this city.

### T H E A T R E.

BY THE OLD AMERICAN COMPANY.

ON MONDAY EVENING, February 23,  
Will be Presented, (2d time) a TRAGEDY, called,

### Fontainville Abbey.

Founded on the celebrated Novel of the ROMANCE of the FOREST.

With new Scenery executed by Mr. Ciceri. To which will be added a Musical Drama, in Two Acts, (never performed here) called,

### The PURSE:

Or, AMERICAN TAR.

Written by the Author of the CHILDREN IN THE WOOD. With alterations and additions by Mr. Hodgkinson.

Box 8s. Pit 6s. Gallery 4s.

Places in the Boxes may be had of Mr Faulkner, at the Box-Office from Ten to Twelve, A. M. and on the Days of Performance from Three to Five; P. M. where also Tickets may be had and at Mr. Gaine's book-store, at the Bible in Pearl-Street.

Ladies and Gentlemen will please to send their servants at least a Quarter before Five, to keep places.

#### VIVAT RESPUBLICA.

#### A STRAY COW.

CAME into the enclosure of the Subscriber, in Bowery-lane, near the 2 mile stone, formerly Alderman Dykman's estate, about four weeks ago, a RED SPOTTED COW—The owner is requested to call and take her away, and pay the necessary charges. JOHN RIKEMAN.

New-York, Feb. 14, 1795.

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#### J U S T P U B L I S H E D.

Price Four Shillings,

And for sale at this Office, and by most of the booksellers in this city, likewise by the author No. 178, William-street,

#### THE COLUMBIAN MONITOR:

BEING

A PLEASANT AND EASY GUIDE

#### TO USEFUL KNOWLEDGE:

CONTAINING,

I. A variety of entertaining and moral Dialogues. II. Religious Dialogues. III. A short and easy introduction to English Grammar.—IV. A variety of useful and entertaining Letters most of which are original, together with several precedents of complimentary Cards.

BY DONALD FRASER,

Author of the Young Gentleman and Lady's Assistant.

WANTED in a small family, (where the work is light) a Young Woman of good character, and who can bring good recommendations.—Enquire of the Printer.

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## Court of Apollo.

### SONG.

Of all my experience how vast the amount,  
Since fifteen long winters I fairly can count:  
Was ever poor damsel so sadly betray'd,  
For to live to those years, and yet still be a maid.  
  
Ye heroes, triumphant by land and by sea,  
Sworn vot'ries to love, yet unmindful of me;  
You can storm a strong fort, or can form a blockade,  
Yet ye stand by, like dastards, and see me a maid!  
  
Ye lawyers so just, who with slippery tongue,  
Can do what you please, or with right or with wrong,  
Can it be or by law or by equity said,  
That a buxom young girl ought to die an old maid.

Ye learned physicians, whose excellent skill,  
Can save or demolish, can cure or can kill,  
To a poor forlorn damsel contribute your aid,  
Who is sick—very sick—of remaining a maid.  
  
You sops I invoke not to list to my song,  
Who answer no end, and to no sex belong,  
Ye echo of echoes, and shadows of shade—  
For if I had you I might still be—a MAID.

### AN E C D O T E.

AT a tea-party, where the company were warmly engaged in conversation, the lady of the house forgot to put the tea in the pot, filled it with water, and poured it out, when a lady in company immediately informed her, "Perhaps, madam, you think you have been making tea; but, believe me, you have only been—MAKING WATER."

### UNITED STATES LOTTERY, For the improvement of the City of WASHINGTON,

WILL commence drawing in a few days: Tickets may be had by applying at D. DUNHAM's Store, No. 26, Moore-Street, near the Elizabeth-Town Ferry, New-York; where Tickets in the last and present Lottery will be carefully examined and Prizes paid.

And a scheme of the Patterson Lottery for establishing useful Manufactures, may be seen by applying as above.

N. B. To Let to the 1st of May next, 3 or 4 Rooms with the use of a Kitchen, Cistern, Yard, &c. and for the ensuing year if required likewise one or two furnished rooms, by applying as above.

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### BREAD KEGS.

BREAD KEGS of different sizes, made and sold at No. 431, Pearl-street, where bakers, grocers and others may be supplied at short notice, and on reasonable terms for cash.

May 22 1794 WILLIAM CARGILL.

R. LOYD, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues to carry on the UPHOLSTERY and PAPER HANGING BUSINESS, in all its branches, at No. 101, Pearl-street, (formerly Great Dock-street) as usual, till May next, when he will remove to No. 30, Vesey-street, where he hopes for the continuance of their favors, which by a strict attention to business he will endeavor to deserve. One or two youths of reputable parents, are wanted as Apprentices.

Feb. 14, 1795.

## The Moralist.

"Come then with me thy sorrows join,  
"And ease my woes by telling thine."

IT is a pure stream that swells the tide of sympathy—it is an excellent heart that interests itself in the feelings of others—it is a heaven-like disposition that engages the affections and extorts the sympathetic tear for the misfortunes of a friend. Mankind are ever subject to ills, infirmities and disappointments.—Every breast at some particular period, experience sorrow and distress. Pains and perplexities are the long lived plagues of human existence: But sympathy is the balm that heals those wounds. If a person who has lost a precious friend, can find another who will feelingly participate in his misfortune, he is well nigh compensated for his loss. And delightful is the talk, to a feeling mind, of softening the painful pillow of the sick, amusing the thoughts of the unhappy, and alleviating the tortures of the afflicted. How satisfied is the conscience of him, who can reflect that he has added a comfort to the unfortunate and a sense to the clouded features of the discontented. What can afford more refined enjoyment than to walk by the side of an unhappy friend in the cooling shade, and hear him repeat the history of his misfortunes—count over the number of his troubles, and kindly drop a tear of pity and condolence when his heart bleeds!

Sympathy is a tender passion, the offspring of refinement, fostered in the bosom of friendship, and nurtured by love, compassion and benevolence. A mind, fraught with sensibility, is never destitute of this friendly sensation; a good heart, however disquieted, will feel its consoling influence with thankfulness.

### NOTE.

BY order of Benjamin Coe, Esquire, first judge of the Court of Common Pleas for Queens-County, in the state of New-York.

NOTICE is hereby given to John Van Lew, late of Flushing, in the County of Queens, and State of New-York, an absent debtor, and all others whom it may concern, that, on application and due proof made to him, the said Judge, pursuant to the directions of the Law of the State of New-York, entitled, "An act for relief against absconding and absent debtors;" passed the 4th day of April, in the year 1786, He hath directed all the Estate, real and personal, within the County of Queens, of the said John Van Lew, an absent debtor, to be seized, and that unless, the said John Van Lew doth discharge his debts within one year after this Public Notice of such seizure all his Estate, real and personal, will be sold for the payment and satisfaction of his creditors.

Queens-County, March 22, 1794. 1y.

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HOLY BIBLE, (folio and quarto) Ferguson's Roman History, Stewart's hist. of Scotland, Literary Magazine, in 12 vols. up to present year, Thomson's Works, Gordon's history of America, Warvell's Travels, Priestley's Letters to the Jews, Bruce's Memoirs, History of the French Revolution, Humphries' Works, Life of Colonel Gardiner, Histories of America, Greece, Rome, & England, Robert Boyle, Sorrows of Werter, Tom Jones, Vicar of Wakefield, Julia de Roubigne, Julia Benson, Robinson Crusoe, Rambler, (a neat edition) Mrs. Bleeker's Works, Young's Night Thoughts, Paradise Lost, Childrens' Friend, Paine's Works, School for Virtue, Life of Baron Trenck, Cullen's Practice of Physic, Young Mason's Monitor, Hamilton on Female Complaints, Muir's Trial, Masons Companion, Complete Letter Writer, Dodridge's Rise and Progress, Christian Parent, Hervey's Meditations, Afflicted Man's Companion, Fordyce's, Whitefield's, Blair's & Knox's Sermons, Sacramental Meditations, Confession of Faith, Watt's Scripture History, Marrow of Divinity, Counsellor of Human Life, Religious Courtship, Dutch Church Constitution, Synod's Catechism, Boston's Characters, Fourfold State, Life of Joseph, Holy War, Pilgrims Progress, Universalist, Common Prayer Books, Life of Dr. Franklin, Watts' Psalms and Hymns, Scott's Lessons, Gentlemen & Ladies Assistant, Dilworth's Assistant, Columbian Monitor, Gentlemen and Ladies do. Morse's Geography, Syren, or Musical Bouquet, Gouge's Lessons, Mermaid, Entick's Dictionary, Arabian Nights Entertainments, Aesop's Fables, Fisher's Companion, Jovial Songster, Bibles and Testaments, Webster's, Dilworth's and Fenning's Spelling Books, Primers with the Presbyterian and Episcopal Catechise, &c. &c.—Also, A great variety of new Plays and Farces.—The Child's Instructor, School books of all kinds, a large assortment of Chap and Childrens books. The Practical Navigator, and Seaman's New Daily Assistant.

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S. LOYD, respectfully informs her friends and the public that she continues to carry on the STAY, MANTUA MAKING, and MILLINERY BUSINESS, as usual, at No. 101, Pearl-street, (formerly Great Dock-street) until May next, when she will remove to No. 30, Vesey-street, (the premises she has engaged for 6 years) where she hopes for the continuance of those favors which it will be her constant endeavors to deserve.

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